

ife

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NOTICE TO READER

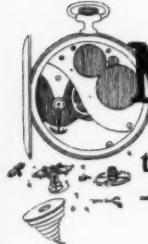
When you finish reading a magazine bearing this notice place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers, sailors or marines.

No Wrapping—No Address.
A. S. Burlzon, Postmaster General.



THE HAUNTED WOOD

Their Real Value is in Their "Insides"



MOST often the positive side of a thing is the inside. Your watch is an example. You can't tell time by the case. The value is in the "works"—the name—the *reputation*.

There is a big "inside story" in the 'Royal Cord'. A story of principles and fundamentals,—that treats of the heart and the vitals. Something you *feel* when you put on your power.

It explains *why* the 'Royal Cord' is a good tire—tells how we build a bulwark as a base—how we enforce live-

liness, ruggedness, resiliency and phenomenal structural *strength*.

The 'Royal Cord' is made differently—modelled and molded differently. Which makes a difference in life and wear and service—a difference in *dollars* to the motorist.

No soft spots—no weak points—no crudities—no structural defects. A truly perfected product, built with an excess of care, zeal, skill and—*conscience*. And it is as good as it looks.

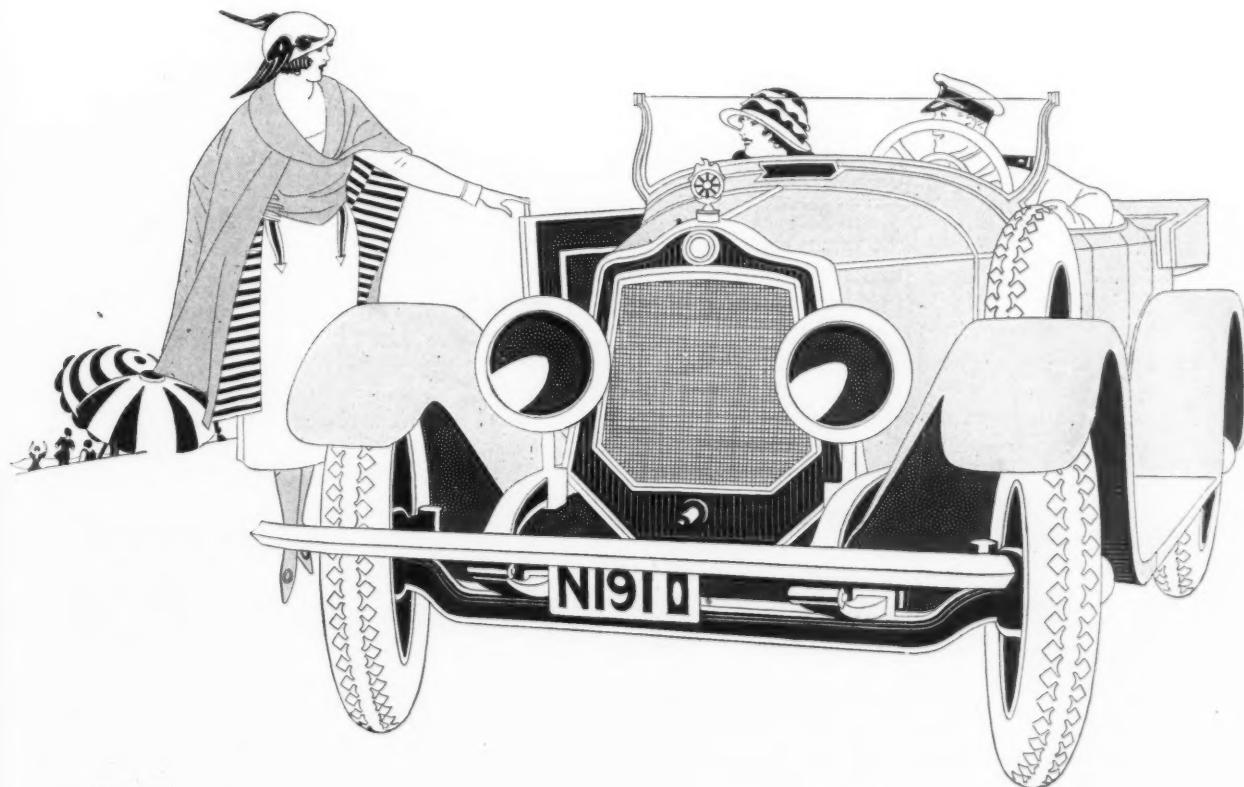
For passenger and light delivery cars—'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco' and 'Plain'. Also tires for motor trucks, cycles and airplanes.

United States Tires are Good Tires



'Royal Cord'
one of the five





"Aren't your tires whales!"

"Not at all: whales blow occasionally; Kelly-Springfield Cords never do."



"Papa, how will he feel about next week's LIFE? You know it's all about us Kids."

"He'll like it."

"He ought to like the Gloom Number better."

"My boy, you don't understand him. He is really a delightful man. Underneath his dignity he is a human being. He has sentiment, humor and cheerfulness. He has to have. That's why he reads LIFE every week."

Somebody wanted us to say of the next number that LIFE was not kidding anybody, but was just getting out a Kiddies' Number. We shall not say it. That is a low form of humor. To be common in your expression of certain truths is too easy. For example, there is nothing common about children, yet they are quite common everywhere. The next issue of this occasionally humorous paper will show many of LIFE's children at play.

Several sample copies will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents.

Special Offer

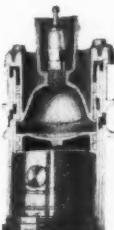
Enclosed
find one Dol-
lar (Canadian
\$1.13.) Foreign
\$1.26). Send LIFE
for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no sub-
scriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 95

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

"Sleeve-Valve, the Motor"



that Improves with Use"

THIS is the *one* type of motor that runs better and better with use. Two sleeves in each cylinder operate between the cylinder wall and the piston, one working within the other in a *film of oil*.

Compression is maintained because there is no chance for leakage through valves that warp, become pitted, and get out of adjustment through wear. Compression is even *increased* through the good offices of carbon—the enemy of all other motors.

This motor puts an *end* to valve troubles.

Fuel is taken in and burnt gas exhausted through ports that are wide and free so that the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve motor gives *more* power and *more* flexibility with *less* complication.



Sleeve-Valve Motor

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., Toledo, Ohio

Willys-Knight Touring—Four, \$1725—Eight, \$2750; Seven Passenger Sedan—Four, \$2750—Eight, \$3475. Prices f.o.b. Toledo.
CANADIAN FACTORY WEST TORONTO, CANADA



AT THE
FIRST DROP OF RAIN

Obey that Impulse

Put on Your
WEED TIRE CHAINS

THE ONLY DEPENDABLE SAFEGUARD
AGAINST SKIDDING

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INC., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

In Canada—Dominion Chain Co., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario



LIFE



THE TRIUMPH OF MIND OVER MATTER

Secrecy



SECRECY is used by Cupid, politicians and statesmen. It is the basis of many business conferences. The idea of secrecy is to hold a certain situation until it is too late for anyone else to do anything about it. Time is the servant of all secrets.

Secrecy depends for its power upon the concentration of others on their own affairs. While thus occupied, the business is done.

When secrecy is disclosed, then its merit is put to the test. Lovers exchange vows in secret. They wed openly. The result depends upon the quality of their secrecy.

The progression of world affairs is the eternal contest between secrecy and the people. The term "open covenant"

is one used to fool the people into a false sense of security. It lulls the way to secrecy.

Secrecy is based upon a combination of egotism and self-interest. It assumes, first, that no one can be trusted but yourself, and, second, that what your ambition dictates, you can get better by not trusting anyone else.

T. L. M.

Scientific Enthusiasm

FIRST EMINENT SURGEON: Was your operation a success?

SSECOND EMINENT SURGEON: Remarkably so! The post-mortem revealed a peculiar diathesis, hitherto not even suspected, in diverticulitis.



BEFORE

AN event of great importance to many city children is the annual opening of LIFE's Fresh Air Farm at Branchville. It is in the hill country of western Connecticut, fifty-three miles from New York. There are about fourteen acres of land, formerly the property of the late Edwin Gilbert, who devoted it to Fresh Air Fund uses. The French-roof house and out-buildings have been remodelled as dormitories for children, while the grounds, with the brook and orchard, give plenty of space for their amusement. Everything is arranged for the care and entertainment of children.

In the summer of 1887, when Fresh Air Fund work was in its infancy, LIFE collected \$1,000 from its readers to send children to the country. Since

LIFE'S Fresh Air Farm

then LIFE's kind readers have helped year after year, until, at an expenditure of \$174,473.17, vacations have been given to 40,097 children. Plenty of space, all they want to eat, plenty of play—what such a fortnight means to an East Side tenement child can hardly be imagined. They come from the poorer districts of Greater New York, city missions and settlements, and no needy child is refused if he can possibly be taken.

They all want to come again. We have a more enthusiastic clientèle than the most popular summer hotel, and all our guests who can in any way manage it are with us each summer until the age limit of twelve years is passed. The children are well looked after. Caretakers are with them all the time, and so far no serious illness or acci-

dent has ever happened at the Farm.

As the parties contain about two hundred children, and they bring their appetites along, the amount of provisions they can make away with is surprising. Three times a day and strict attention to the business in hands produce results. But the improvement shown in the children makes it more than worth while, even in this era of war prices for everything from raisins to railroad fare. Careful management helps a lot, even against the high cost of living, and last year the expense of a child's entire two weeks' vacation, including transportation, was a little less than eight dollars.

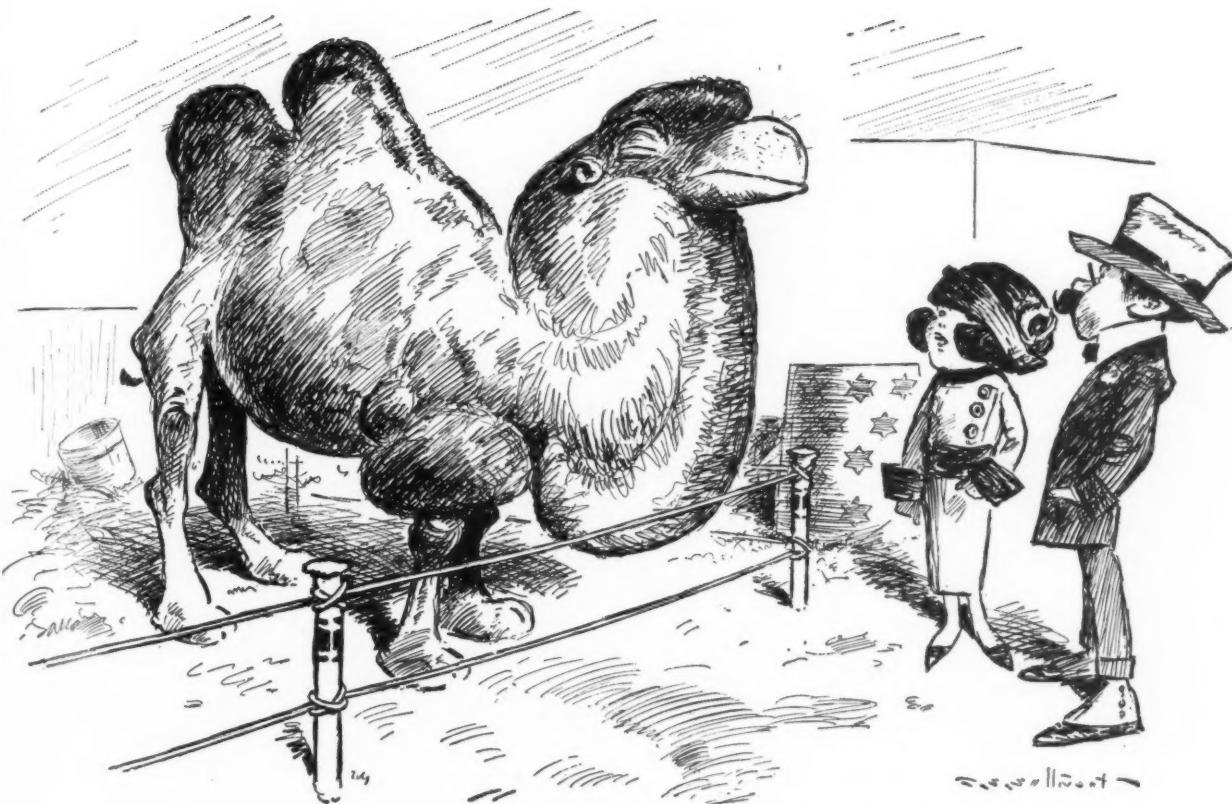
LIFE once more asks its readers for their unfailing help. Whether they send dimes or dollars, it is a guaran-



AFTER



"Come into the garden, Maud"



"EDWIN, IF I COULD EXPRESS AS MUCH CONTEMPT FOR SOME WOMEN I KNOW AS THAT CAMEL
EXPRESSES FOR US, I'D BE PERFECTLY HAPPY"

ted, gilt-edge investment with sure return in a happy vacation.

As the children's wardrobes are often painfully scanty, the strenuous fortnight leaves some of them literally too ragged to send home. Mrs. Mohr welcomes donations of partly worn clothing for children under twelve, and often even "grown-up" clothes can be shortened and used for the larger children. Shoes of all sizes are very useful. They are sure to fit someone who needs them badly. Toys, books, dolls, even old valentines and Christmas cards suggest a different world to those children who have none of these things in their lives.

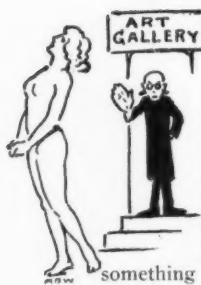
The work is entirely dependent on the generosity of LIFE's readers. Visitors are always welcome at the Farm.

Remittances should be made payable to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund. Acknowledgment is made in LIFE about three weeks after receipt, and by letter if the sender's address is given.



Sammy: DARN IT! I WISH I HADN'T ASKED MA FER A BABY BROTHER!

Pioneers of Health



ART GALLERY

After all these years of modest restraint, the American seaboard is at last coming to the rescue of the Middle West. New York, tolerating St. Louis and Kansas City and other hotbeds of commercialism, has girded up its loins and is going to do something for Art. Art has hitherto been confined, straining at its leash, to Greenwich Village and the Back Bay. But the spirit of sacrifice is abroad in the land. Forty-second Street and Broadway will clasp hands with Peoria. Chicago will breathe a new spirit of enraptured vision. The Federation of Arts, at the Metropolitan Museum, has decided to send out art exhibits westward to uplift the benighted hordes of Oklahoma. Says Professor Oscar B. Jacobson:

As an example, I will cite that when Rodin, the French sculptor, died, the Oklahoma papers gave only two lines to his death and to his lifework.

Professor Jacobson declares that the western states have been so busy getting rich through oil and other industries that they have no time for art, music or literature.

Prairie wagons have been fully equipped with a few old masters, and will trek through the western wilds. No expense will be spared to make the tour a grand success. It is hoped that Allen Eaton, field secretary of the Federation; Robert De Forest, president, and Joseph Pennell will personally exhibit themselves. There will be one-night stands in the smaller hamlets, and longer stays in larger settlements. The company will take along its own food in order to provide against disaster. A band of wood-choppers will travel on ahead to clear the way. With the aid of a mariner's compass, a sextant and a wireless outfit, it is expected that the journey will be made in about six months. The old masters will be buttressed by sandbags and defended by machine-guns, and all proper precautions will be taken to protect them from the herds of Bolsheviks that roam the Mississippi valley. Appropriate lectures, setting forth the claims of Art, will be



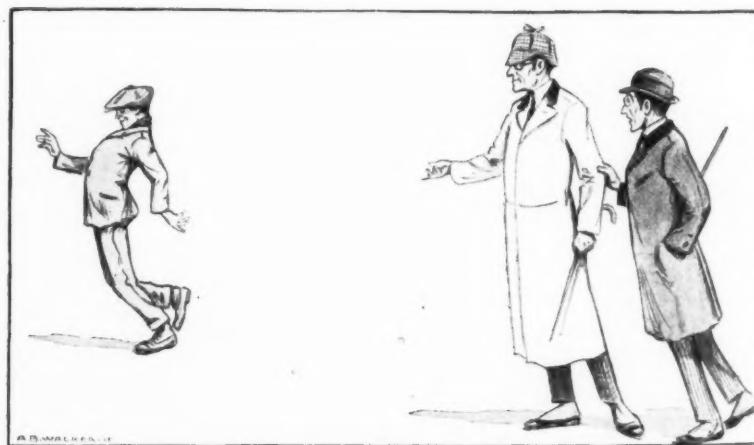
"FOR WHAT GOT SQUAW?"

given daily by orators who have previously been trained at publishers' advertising dinners to carry everything before them.

If there should happen to be in any settlement visited any person of such pronounced intellectual bias that he has heard of Art before, he will be examined by the committee, with a view to his visiting New York and becoming acquainted with Art in its own home. He will be led up and down the Rialto, chained to a roof garden, and permitted to forgather with the

magazine illustrators of the Metropolis. When his latent art ideals have thus been aroused, he will be clothed and fed and taken to the Metropolitan Museum. After having joined the Art Critics' Union, for which he will then be fully qualified, he will be let loose to go home and purify the atmosphere of his old home town.

THE sea serpent may show up after the first of July, but this year a man is not likely to see two of them.



The New Sherlock: MY DEAR WATSON, THE VAN BIBBER'S WINE-CELLAR WAS ROBBED AT EIGHT O'CLOCK LAST EVENING. I AM POINTING AT THE CULPRIT. "MARVELOUS!"

A Watteau Rhyme

BEHOLD in spotless white a beau—the dainty dandy Pierrot,
 Who meets anon a gay coquette, the pretty maiden Pierrette.
 He bows. As in a minuet, she sinks into a curtsey low.
 "What joy!" he cries. "We are well met. Come, let us now a-fishing go—
 I'll cast a fly; you'll ply the net!"
 "With all my heart," quoth Pierrette.

They enter now a gay bateau, poled by the doughty Pierrot,
 Who vows that, should the craft upset, he'll surely rescue Pierrette;
 And she, her sportiveness to show, must challenge him to lay a bet
 That ere they see the sunset glow the biggest catch she'll truly get.
 "If you shall fail, a kiss you'll owe—
 A good-night kiss!" said Pierrot.

With lovers hours seem never slow: these galloped for poor Pierrot.
 Nor did the moments seem to fret the pretty, lounging Pierrette.
 Too soon the sun begins to set, and all the west to crimson glow;
 The angler had caught nothing yet; the maiden still could nothing show.
 But still she won—and paid the debt,
 For she caught him, did Pierrette!

Tudor Jenks.



LIFE'S New Presidential Ticket



For President,
HENRY FORD



For Vice-President,
W. J. BRYAN

OUR CABINET

Secretary of State, Col. E. M. House
 Secretary of Treasury, Claude Kitchin
 Postmaster General, George Creel
 Secretary of Agriculture, Robert Peary
 Secretary of War, Edsel Ford
 Secretary of Navy, Newton W. Baker
 Secretary of Interior, David Starr Jordan
 Attorney General, Robert La Follette
 Secretary of Labor, Eugene Debs

Ambassador to England, Mayor John F. Hylan
 Ambassador to France, Mayor W. H. Thompson
 Ambassador to Ireland, Jeremiah O'Leary
 Ambassador to Hell, W. R. Hearst
 Mandatory to Turkey, A. S. Burleson

Slogan: Bolshevism Forever!

WE are at last able to announce the essentials of our Cabinet and—in order to insure the fullest confidence—a few of our foreign ministers. The work has been proceeding slowly, in order to provide the ablest material. Now that that material has been selected, a few words about our selections may not be amiss.

As Attorney General, we feel that Robert La Follette will uphold our ablest traditions. Preliminary to his taking office, he will reside in Berlin, in order to perfect himself in a few important details. Admiral Robert Peary is an example of the highest form of self-abnegation ever known, and as Secretary of Agriculture therefore eminently qualified to see that everybody in this vast country is supplied with enough geranium seeds to make a success out of his garden. Admiral Peary, after having discovered the North Pole, did not bring it back with him, but deliberately left it where it was. David Starr Jordan, as Secretary of the Interior, is the only college president on our list. He has, however, traveled from California to New York, and has that intimate acquaintance with our best scenic advertisements essential to any Secretary of the Interior.

In order to make sure that Great Britain, France, Turkey and Ireland—countries that have recently been more or less associated with us in winning a war—should continue to entertain towards us that feeling of deep respect and cordial comradeship in accordance with our high ideals, we have appointed Messrs. Hylan, Thompson and O'Leary



Suitor (forbidden the house): ARE WE APT TO RUN ACROSS YOUR FATHER AROUND HERE?

as our representatives abroad. Mr. Hylan has visited Palm Beach. He will therefore be welcome in London society. Mr. Thompson has lived in Chicago. His intense love for Germany will meet with a cordial reception in France. Mr. Jeremiah O'Leary as Ambassador to Ireland will relieve this country of a considerable load. As our representative stationed permanently in the lower regions, Ambassador Hearst will get plenty of local color and the right kind of inspiration, besides doing his great patriotic work of keeping the home fires burning.

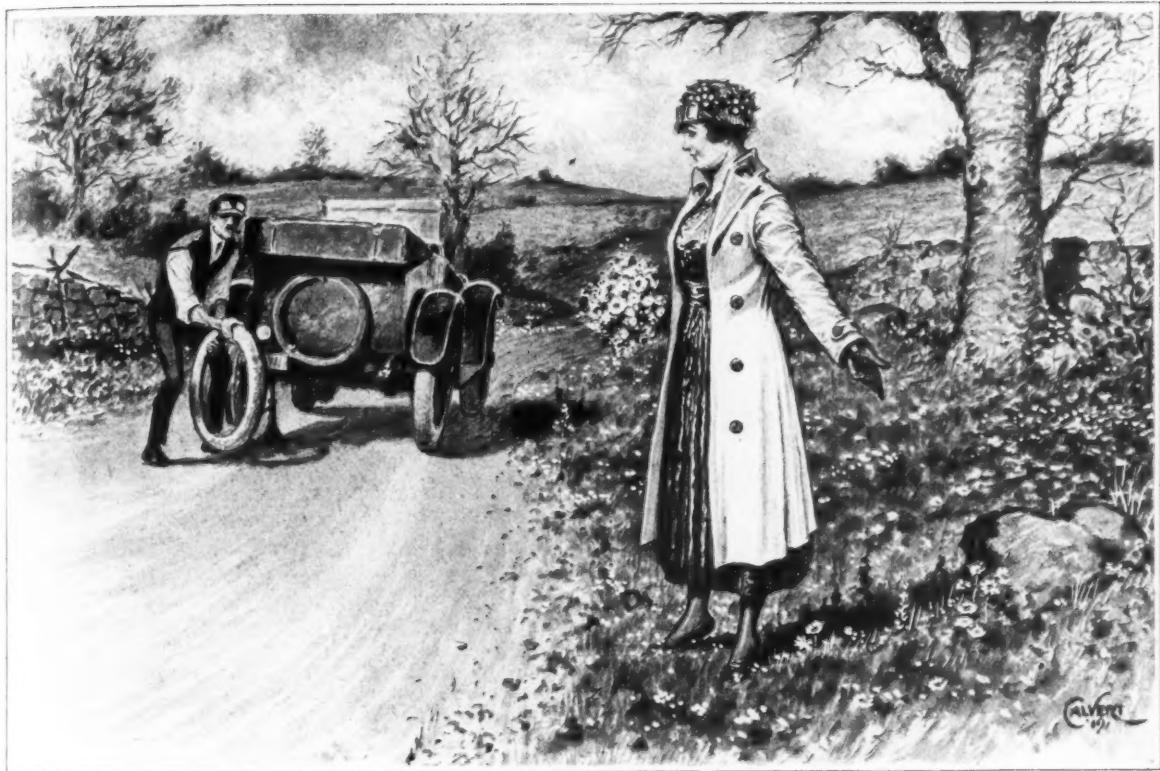
PLATFORM OF THE NEW BOLSHEVIST PARTY

We, the Bolshevik Party, hereby assembled, do declare these to be our principles:

WE HAVEN'T ANY.



*Agent: BUT, MY DEAR MADAM, IT'S A SHAME TO LET YOUR HUSBAND'S LIFE INSURANCE LAPSE.
 "I'LL NOT PAY ANOTHER CENT. I'VE PAID REG'LAR FOR EIGHT YEARS, AN' I'VE HAD NO LUCK YET."*



MRS. SPEEDER MAKES THE UNIQUE DISCOVERY THAT FLOWERS GROW ALONG THE ROADSIDE

A Terrible Blunder

MISS AMY LOWELL, High Priestess of Free Verse, has been deeply troubled in spirit because the Boston *Transcript* went and made a mess out of one of her free verses. The verses are long—five or six feet long at least; but, according to Miss Lowell, the *Transcript* botched the whole business by tampering with a beggarly half-inch of them. The thing to which Miss Lowell objects occurs in the lines—

"Is it catgut and horsehair,
Or fish sawing against the cold blue gates of the sky?"

The average person, unaccustomed to free verse and unaware of its hidden beauties, wouldn't see anything out of the way in the lines. They wouldn't sound any sillier than most free verses. But Miss Lowell pointed out to the *Transcript* that it was an obvious and gross absurdity to think of a fish sawing against the cold blue gates of the sky or anything else. She hadn't written "fish" at all. She had written "flesh." She was asking whether flesh was sawing against the cold blue gates. Not whether a fish was sawing. She hadn't, as some foolishly imagined, been speaking of a saw-fish. Everybody is sure to sympathize deeply with Miss Lowell; and it is to be sincerely hoped that in the future the *Transcript* will stick to prose and let free verse alone.

THE maturity of any other man depends upon how old you are yourself.

GEORGE CREEL has gone back to journalism. Another reason why the press ought to be suppressed.



INTUITION

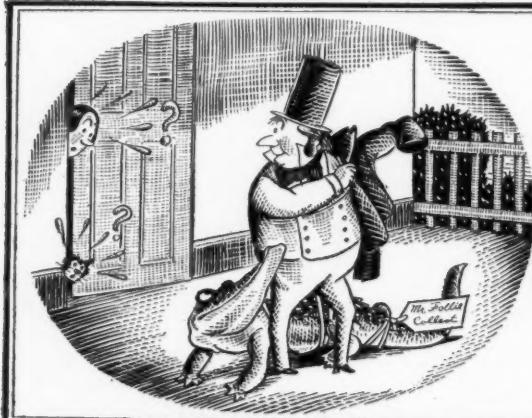
SOMETHING TELLS MR. DORKINS THAT HE WILL SOON BE WRITING OUT A CHECK FOR \$149.50



"Here's an Alligator from Florida for Mr. Follie with \$4.23 excess charges!"



"It sure is nice of cousin George to remember me with this pet Alligator!"



"Let it run around with the cat my dear, till I get back!"



"Mr. Snider, have you a good healthy rattle-snake in stock?"



"My Mr. Follie! What on earth do you want with a rattle-snake?"



"My cousin George sent me a pet Alligator and I want to reciprocate!"

PLanuza

Chaloner's Day in Court

THERE are signs that private citizens, otherwise orderly, are to be allowed a larger latitude of view on some subjects, without prejudice to their right to go loose in the streets and draw checks on money to their credit in the bank. The suit of the redoubtable John Chaloner, born Chandler, against the *Evening Post* for libel, was very interesting. So far as the *Post* was concerned, it was a mere misfortune. A man with whom Chaloner was struggling was killed by the discharge of a revolver in Chaloner's hand, and an editorial paragrapher of the *Post* observed, in his zeal for duty, that "the latest common assassin had the rare foresight to have himself declared insane before he shot his man." Chaloner felt aggrieved at that, and brought a libel suit against the *Post* for \$100,000, and came to New York (where he has been declared insane) under protection of the Federal courts, to testify in the suit. His lawyers undertook to prove that he neither "killed his man" nor is insane, and since he won his suit (damages being reduced to \$17,500) his lawyers must be held to have made fairly good in their undertaking.

It was Chaloner's testimony as a witness for himself that did the business. He talked voluminously to the jury, and interested them all the way. Indeed he turned himself loose on them;



ONE REASON WHY FRANCE WAS INVINCIBLE



THE BLONDE'S HAIR
RIGHT IN THE MIDST OF THE CEREMONY THE BRIDE FINDS A BLOND HAIR ON HIS SHOULDER

much looser, it appeared, than his lawyers would have allowed if they had been able to control him. He took the jury into his confidence and told the story of his life, including his sad experience with insanity experts, his three-year sojourn in Bloomingdale asylum, his escape, his further adventures in Virginia, where the courts adjudged him sane, and his remarkable

and fruitful proceedings with his subconscious mind.

As to this latter endowment he testified that he had a subconscious mind, and had got it under control so that he could make it work for him. By use of it, he said, he had produced a number of books, which he showed to the jury, though his conscious mind, he told them, had never written any-



FIRST TRUTHFUL DELINEATION OF THE AFTER-LIFE OF THE MAN WHO MARRIED FOR MONEY

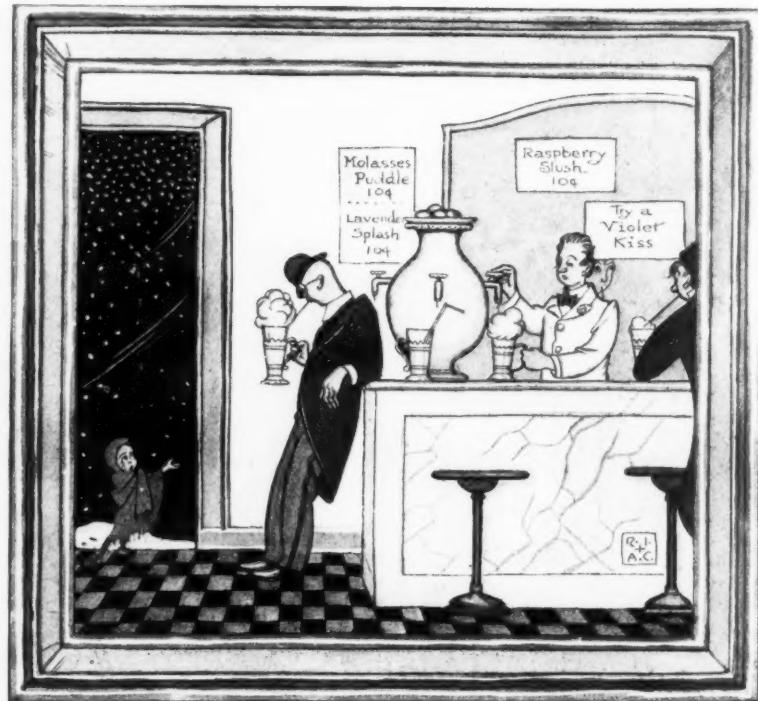
thing more literary than a check. He claimed that his subconscious mind was under very much better discipline and control than most people's, but he considered that almost all writers, artists and orators made more or less use of their subconscious faculty (whether aware of it or not) and derived from it their best ideas. Coleridge, he said, got Kubla Khan out of his subconscious mind, but Coleridge, being interrupted, lost control of his faculty, and could not finish the poem, whereas Mr. Chaloner claimed that he could reach his subliminal deposits at will, and that (as the *Sun* reported) "when he permitted his subconscious self to take possession of the right hand, in which he held a pencil, it wrote prose of a literary quality far beyond the powers of his conscious self."

So far as known, Mr. Chaloner's greatest literary performance was his telegram, "Who's loony now?" to his brother Robert on the occasion of his divorce from Cavalieri, the operasinger, and that seemed a product of wits actively conscious, but the other writings that he speaks of and thinks so well of seem, by his account, to have been produced in much the same

fashion as the "automatic writings" that now so much abound, and the same explanation, when it is reached, may possibly account for all of them. A convenient example of them is to be found in *Harper's Magazine* for June, contributed by Margaret Cameron, but Mr. Chaloner's explanations would hardly fit that.

The *Post's* counsel offered the jury the suggestion that Chaloner's impressions about his subconscious mind were delusions, and proved him crazy, but the jury declined that hypothesis. They considered, as one of them disclosed after their discharge, that Chaloner might have delusions about some things, but was not crazy, nor lacking in mental capacity to bring a law suit. There was a timely liberality in that jury. There are many things in process of disclosure or exposure in these days, that are novel and difficult of explanation, and to get the key to them calls for a fuller freedom of discussion than alienists, as a rule, might find entirely compatible with their notions of what is sane.

E. S. M.



"Father, dear father, come home with me now—
The clock in the steeple strikes 'One'!"



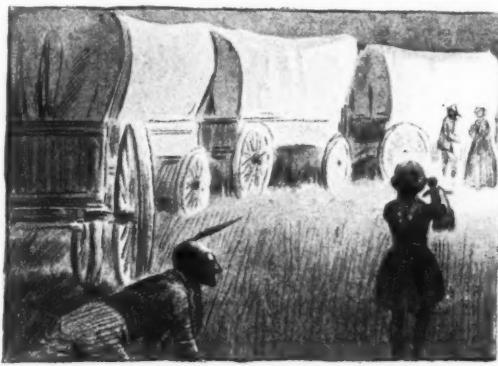
It bein' early an' not many present, this blond duchess permitted me to take in them dogs.



They took a lively interest in the picture, but displayed a leetle too much zeal over some dogs that was trailin' under the wagons.



But I had 'em quieted down, and they was calm and nice, when suddenly they went wild and got beyond my control.



For the picture showed the party camped for the night, an' a durn Injun creepin' up on a party leetle gal. Of course all bets was off then!



Paddy went over the top of the fat piano-player.



Before I lost consciousness, I remember seein' a bluecoat doin' a whis'lin' stunt with a dog fastened to either laig.



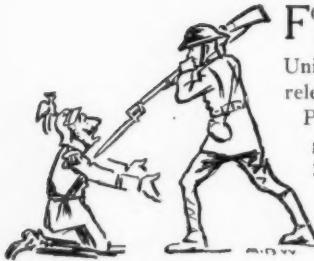
An' leetle Peg legged it up the stairs to the stage.

The wind-up? Well, the judge was kind-hearted enough to let them two blessed martyrs share my thirty days' isolation.

A MOVIE TRAGEDY
Broncho Bill, Two Dogs and a Wild West Film

Reasons

FOR the good and sufficient reasons stated below, the following members of the United States army want their immediate release from service:



Private Samuel W. Higginbotham is engaged to a dream-girl in Sandusky, Ohio. She detests bald-headed men. Sam's hair is commencing to fall out, and he respectfully requests that he be discharged at once, that his marriage may be accomplished in time.

Private Ezra R. Hinds is program-committee chairman of the Hicksville Firemen's Relief Association, Hicksville, Vt. The association has voted to hold its annual firemen's ball as usual in July, and Private Hinds deems his immediate release imperative.

Private William Blake is the father of triplets, born while he was in France. Two of the babies have been named to the satisfaction of all concerned, but there is a deadlock over the third. Private Blake insists on John Pershing Blake and Mrs. Blake is standing pat for Francis Bushman Blake. Inasmuch as cable communication is of little avail in such a crisis, Private Blake believes that he can serve his country best at home just now.

Private Joe Jones admits he loves liquor. And if he is



FIND THE MAN WHO HAS A CELLAR FULL OF "PRIVATE STOCK"



SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?

THE FARMER WHO HIRED HER AS A FARMERETTE LAST SUMMER

entitled to pursue peace and happiness, he knows it is necessary for him to get back to the United States now, while there are a few quarts left.

Private Henry Barker is left-fielder and clean-up batter for the Riverton team of the West Texas league. If baseball is to be revived as the national pastime, the revival cannot be a complete success without him in left field.

Private Bill Jones doesn't care when he is released from service, so long as he is freed simultaneously with Sergeant Herbert Bennett of his company. Private Jones is six feet five, and weighs two hundred and twenty-one pounds, and Sergeant Bennett is five feet six, and his weight is of no great importance. But Private Jones wants to meet Sergeant Bennett during their first fifteen minutes of civilian life.

Neal R. O'Hara.

That High Cost

MRS. CRAWFORD: Why aren't you going to have your marketing sent home?

MRS. CRABSHAW: I'm only buying twenty-five or thirty dollars' worth, so I can carry it.



CAUSE FOR REJOICING

Polly: MRS. TALKALOT USUALLY HAS SUCH A SOUR VISAGE, I AM SURPRISED TO SEE HER LOOKING SO HAPPY.

Dolly: SHE PROBABLY HAS BAD NEWS TO BREAK TO SOMEONE.



"SO THAT'S A MAP OF THE POSTAL-ZONE SYSTEM, IS IT?"
 "YES; YOU SEE, ALL THE MAIL MUST TRAVEL AROUND IN THOSE CIRCLES BEFORE IT REACHES ITS DESTINATION."

Corporal Carl

CORPORAL CARL didn't want to return home. There were a lot of reasons why he didn't, too. You see: His regiment had been routed three times.

His company had been scored three times for failing to hold its place under fire.

Everyone in his squad, except himself, had photographs showing them killing one or more of the enemy. You couldn't tell in the pictures that they were taken behind the lines and the "enemy" were prisoners whose guns lacked ammunition.

He didn't think he could get a job.

He didn't want a job if he could get one.

He'd surrendered twice without a fight, and had been exchanged back.

He'd shot at one of his officers three times, but missed, and suspicion had pointed his way.

He'd grown sort of ashamed of the way he'd tortured a lot of people.

He was slowly growing to hate his country.

You see, Corporal Carl was a German.

PERHAPS Secretary Daniels has in mind taking over the Swiss navy.



CAN SUCH THINGS BE?

"OH, DEAR, NO! THAT PORTRAIT WILL NEVER DO! YOU HAVEN'T PAINTED
ME FAT ENOUGH"

Regarding the Summer Shows



LIFE isn't parochial with regard to the theatre. But it seems as though the intelligent playgoer who is neither squeamish nor prudish, who enjoys fun and sensations, who has an honest liking for the pleasure and art of the stage, ought to have a little certainty when he goes into a first-class theatre that he won't be compelled to encounter either physical or mental indecency.

A Question of Publicity

WHEN LIFE records the establishment of an added Fresh Air Endowment it may not seem to be a matter of vast public importance. It isn't —to-day—but it will be a vastly important matter to some poor city child in every hot summer during the years to come. That is why LIFE is glad to

give publicity now to the generosity that puts a Fresh Air Endowment into existence. In the good it will do it is an achievement worthy of record.

We have received from C. P. MacArthur, Esq., of Buffalo, two hundred dollars in Liberty bonds and four dollars and twenty-six cents in past-due coupons to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 43

In Memory of St. John MacArthur, an American Ace, killed in action in France, August ninth, 1918.

We have received in Liberty bonds two hundred dollars from Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Grant, Slidell, La., to create

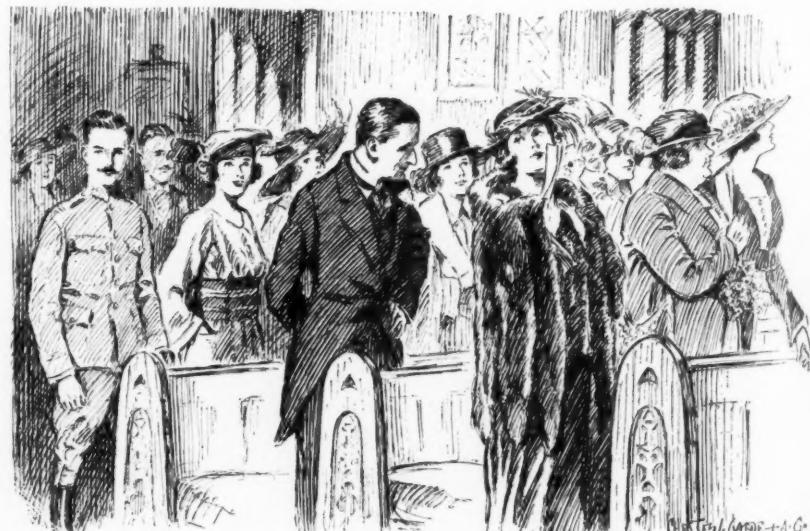
FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 44

In Memory of Mrs. M. E. Brownrigg and Mrs. M. B. Quarles.

To establish a Fresh Air Endowment two hundred dollars in Victory notes or Liberty Loan 4 1/4-per-cent. bonds should be sent by registered mail to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, Inc., 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City.

The income from this amount provides that every summer, in perpetuity, a poor child will be sent from the slums of New York for a fortnight's stay in the fresh air of the country. This work has now been carried on for thirty-one years, in which time more than forty thousand children have gained health and happiness from it.

A Fresh Air Endowment may bear any designation its donor chooses.



"THE BRIDEGROOM LOOKS NERVOUS."

"HE'S AWFULLY OUT OF PRACTICE. HE HASN'T BEEN MARRIED FOR NEARLY A YEAR."

Copyright Life Pub. Co.



Uncle Tom: WHEN TWO PEOPLE ARE CONGENIAL AND LIKE THE SAME THINGS, THEIR MARRIED LIFE SHOULD BE VERY HAPPY.

Brother Ned: WELL, HELEN AND I OUGHT TO MAKE IT, THEN, FOR I KNOW SHE LIKES ME, AND I AM SURE CRAZY ABOUT MYSELF.

JUNE 12
1919

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by

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VOL. 73
No. 1911

PUBLIC interest in the Peace Congress is waning. Readers of newspapers who follow its proceedings as we get them are approaching the condition of the man who undertook to read the Encyclopedia through, and got almost to the end and lost his place. Readers have lost the thread of the story of late, and are a bit languid, and turn to the baseball news or the story of the rich lady who has blown herself to another husband. Our world is slipping back to its old, minor interests. People go to the country again and raise flowers and home-grown eggs and asparagus. Families are getting together. Colleges are commencing with revived ardor this year. Young people are getting married, and doing it ceremoniously, as in old times. Formal peace lags, but people are not anxious. For the first summer in five years they are not anxious. There is no war news to read, and they are glad of it, and as for the peace news, they are, as said, a little tired of it, and willing to have the gentlemen on the job put it through the best they can.

And they are doing it. They are wrangling it slowly out, but not more slowly than is reasonable, considering the size and complexity of the business. Just now, what was Austria, disintegrated into mere political crumbs, has been swept into the dustpan. Hungary has set up for herself. The Austria that is left has no ports of her own, though free access to the sea is secured to her. Her represent-

atives have signed what was put before them. They knew their country was all in, and did not even make a bluff about it. Dr. Vernon Kellogg, a good observer, as his readers know, describes Vienna (in the *Atlantic*) as the most broken great city he has seen, and he saw many cities of Europe during the war, and has seen most of them since the war. Vienna of the Hapsburgs, Vienna of the most exclusive nobility in Europe, Vienna that seized Herzegovina and Bosnia, Vienna of the Strauss waltzes and the beer and the Vienna rolls—Dr. Kellogg saw her last February, and he says, "Brussels in her darkest days was not like this; Warsaw was not like this!"



NO matter what those people sign, except as it helps or hinders their recovery! If order is kept in the countries that lately were Austria, and agriculture can go on and wheels turn again presently in factories, there will be recovery, let us hope. And Heaven send there may be laughter and dances again in Vienna some day. It was a pleasant city; the pleasantest, next to Paris, in Europe, and, after all, it is still on the map, and still on the Danube, and still on several railroads, and possibly the qualities of the people who made it pleasant may survive and reassert themselves in generations to come.

The other Germans haggle, and refuse to sign, and say the terms are fatal, and possibly they will get them

modified. The delay seems to be having some effects. Parties in the Rhineland states announce that they have seceded and set up a republic, and if that should prove a genuine internal movement, it may be catching, and Germany come presently to look more like Brother Cram's amended map than there has been promise of heretofore. But it seems more likely that some persons claiming to represent Germany will sign the peace treaty by the middle of June. If not, we shall see what we will see, and it may be occupation of the rest of Germany, and especially Berlin, by the troops of the Allies, but it will not be war. Germany has not now the facilities for war. They say the Germans are very slow to realize that they have sustained a military defeat, and possibly it may be necessary to convince them of it. Their information about the war, its causes, processes and results, has been very incomplete and misleading, and conceivably their education needs to be assisted by the sight of more foreign troops on German soil.



BUT the rest of the world has got through with the war—the war that was—and no new one seems to be impending. There are scuffles still with the Bolsheviks and others, but not war. Advices from Vancouver on the Coast are interesting. There is a Carnegie Library in Vancouver which reports that while the armies were in the trenches in France and Flanders readers devoured books that dealt with armies and fighting men. But that demand is dead, and just now inquiry is keen for spiritualist books, which lately gathered dust on shelves, but now are in such request that waiting lists of applicants who want them contain hundreds of names. For a time the library was invaded by patrons not known to its attendants, who wanted books on Socialism and class warfare, but of late weeks that demand has dropped away like the quest for war books.

The people of this world seem to want something new to think about.



THE SPOILING OF SAMMY

When Sammyboy plunged in the sea
Without a stitch or backward glance,
To rescue drowning Liberty
Then Bone-dry Stiggins saw his chance,
With stealthy step he made his way,

On pussyfeet that left no trace,
Where Sammy's clothes unguarded lay,
And left for Sammy, in their place,
A shirt as painful as perdition—
The prickly shirt of Prohibition.

The spiritualist books certainly give it to them, and at present in increasing quantities. Vancouver is on "the Coast," and the minds of the Coast dwellers are well known to be more adventurous and hospitable to novelties than minds in the effete East, but one would like to know if libraries hereabout and publishers observe the same rise of interest in spiritualist publications.



TWO years ago the colleges had war commencements, and swarmed with

men in khaki. Last year most of them were in France and just beginning to give visible evidence of what they went there for. This year a large proportion of them are back, and most of them, happily, in good condition, and the preliminary "dry" period does not begin till the first of July, and commencements bid fair to be full of cheerfulness. Their graduating classes may be small, but the graduate attendance will be large. For there is much to celebrate. The colleges did well, of course, in the war. Now their guardians and managers are watching for the emergence of the much advertised new order, with a view to supply its needs as soon as they can discover what they are.

If the peace commissioners had got home in time some adventurous institutions would probably have given them honorary degrees. Next year will be better for that, for by that time it may be possible to judge a little better what they will have accomplished. This year, doubtless, the degrees will all go to war heroes of one kind or another, and as Lincoln would have said, "by no means excepting women." Commander Read, the airman, would be a favorite for commencement honors if he were not in England.

As for his exploit in getting across the Atlantic in an airplane, it is notable, of course, but how notable only time can tell. Submarines proved themselves an immensely important factor in war. So did airplanes. But how good either of them will ever be for the uses of peace is still a conundrum. So far as we know, no airplane has ever yet earned its keep in civil or industrial labors. It is yet to be demonstrated that these remarkable machines can earn their living. They are great, but not, as yet, so great as the Ford car.



BOMBS again! Lots of them, in several cities, missing their main object, as usual, except in so far as it is advertisement, but killing several people, doing damage and disturbing folks' nerves! At this writing, Washington, Cleveland, Boston, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Paterson, N. J., Newtonville in Massachusetts, and New York have felt the jar of these reminders, which are taken to be the second coming of the notice given on May 1st by bombs sent through the mails. Those bombs were very skilfully made, and the assassins who are operating in this fashion seem to know their business, so far as the mechanics of it goes. Their preferred marks are officers of the law—Attorney-General Palmer in Washington; judges in New York, Boston and Pittsburg, none of whom, happily, was hurt.

The Reds have given notice. Now, then, let us see what Society can do about it.

LIE



Breakfast June

LIE



Breakfast June



A CAPITOL OPERATION

The French Babies

LIFE has received for the relief of the French war orphans, in all, \$339,411.15, from which we have remitted to Paris 1,928,555.50 francs. Without wishing to appear insistent, LIFE would respectfully remind partial-payment contributors of their obligation to make prompt payments.

We gratefully acknowledge from

The Camp Brentmere Association, for Baby No. 3721..... \$73
 RENEWALS: G. E. Nell, Los Angeles, Cal., \$146; H. M. Rathvon, Sapulpa, Okla., \$73; Mrs. C. P. Crangle, Minneapolis, Minn., \$73; Proceeds of an exhibition of antiques and curios, through Mrs. W. B. Chaffey, Mildura, Victoria, Australia, \$31; George W. Dulany, 3d, Clinton, Iowa, \$146; Isabel Danforth, New York City, \$73; The Choir of Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., \$32.

PAYMENTS ON ACCOUNT: "Sailor," San Francisco, Cal., \$5; Florence Reeves, Montclair, N. J., \$4.25; Troop 3, Boy Scouts of America, Sound Beach, Conn., \$1.50.

BABY NUMBER 3715

Already acknowledged	\$68.72
The Trojan Club, Troy, N. Y.	4.28

\$73

BABY NUMBER 3719

The Entrenous Club, Detroit, Mich.	\$36.50
Moravia Fire Department, Moravia, N. Y., through the Central N. Y. Volunteer Firemen's Association	36.50

\$73

BABY NUMBER 3720

The Trojan Club, Troy, N. Y.	\$13.97
Proceeds of an exhibition of antiques and curios, through Mrs. W. B. Chaffey, Mildura, Victoria, Australia	10.53

\$24.50

Hope Springs Eternal

TED: You can't make some fellows believe that the best thing to do is to succumb to the inevitable.

NED: That's right. Wrounder still carries his pocket corkscrew, and Old Soak has just invested in a copy of "The Bartender's Guide."



"HE GIVES TWICE WHO GIVES QUICKLY"

An Absolute Necessity

THE corset, according to somebody's ruling, is under-wear, and therefore a luxury, and therefore taxable when it costs more than a certain amount. A luxury is something that can be got along without. Women, no doubt, can get along without corsets; but no man is going to be so reckless as to tell his women-folk that they've got to get along without them. If a woman told a judge that her husband had told her that she would have to get along without corsets, the judge would cry in his ink-bottle and grant the decree at once. A corset may be a luxury for a woman; but it's a necessity for a woman's husband. It's absolutely necessary that he provide them for his wife.

Stick Around

DON'T go to Europe this summer.
See America first.

Examine the ruins of the Fourteen Points.

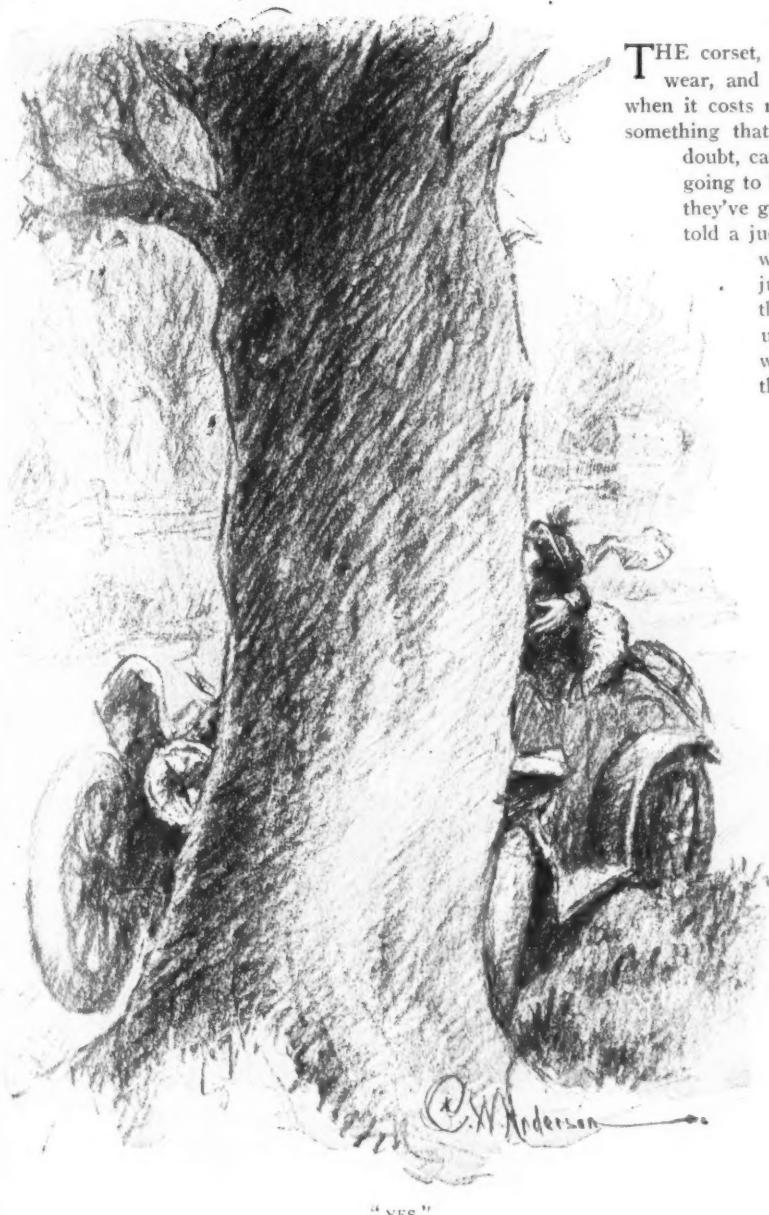
Visit the Burleson Pyramid of Errors in any post office.

Explore the minds of the new congressmen.

Go slumming with bootleggers.

Visit the League of Nations battle-field in Washington.

Trolley out to the moonshiners.



A Difficult Combination

The President is the best-dressed man at the Peace Conference.

—News item.

NOW bring to me my pearl-gray spats,
The trousers I love best,
My long frock coat, my ascot tie,
My spotless, braided vest;
And bring me then my two-quart hat
With brim austerely curled;

For I must be the best-dressed man
And also run the world.

To run the world would not, *per se*,
Be very hard to do;
And dressing well is next to naught
When other tasks are few;
But when one has to do them both!
Ah me! and eke oh my!
'Tis hard indeed; but none can turn
The trick as well as I!

Kenneth L. Roberts.



"BY THE WAY, MARY, DID YOU PUT MY COOKING OUTFIT IN THAT BASKET? I'LL WANT TO FRY SOME FISH FOR LUNCH."

"YES, DEAR, AND YOU'LL FIND A TIN OF SARDINES IN THERE TOO."



HOW IT LOOKS TO THE MAN LEARNING TO DRIVE

The Wise and the Otherwise

THE widow rearranged the chairs, patted the pillows and smiled at the desirable man. "You are perfectly safe," she informed him. "I haven't the slightest desire to marry again or to fall in love. Both are good experiences for girls."

"I wonder what manner of wife you were?" mused the bachelor.

"The usual brand."

"Did you fall in love with the right man at the right time?"

She looked across the lawn; he saw her eyes deepen at an old memory.



Mother: No, Ethel, a visit to the seashore is out of the question this year, your father can't afford it.

"Mother, has it ever occurred to you that father could work harder if he tried?"

"Pardon me. I did not mean to touch a wound."

"When a woman meets the right man at the right time, it is for all time," she smiled back.

He looked annoyed. She was so sure of herself that he was spurred to break down her confidence.

"Is there nothing left to give to another man?"

She looked into his eyes.

"You cannot lead me into a flirtation—I am past the age. You can be comfortable without saying things to me which I do not care to hear."

"But I have a desire to say them."

"I'll call one of the girls," she said, rising as if to make good her word.

"No, no; I want you. I would rather marry you than one of those giggling, puff-powder girls."

"I thought you objected to marriage on the ground that it ended your freedom."

"One always says that until the right woman appears."

She laughed, and her mirth stung him. He was the hunter now, with the primitive instinct to trap his game.

"Suppose I were to tell you the truth, you laughing, elusive woman?"

"I do not care to hear it."

"But you shall," he said in a masterful way. "I love you, and you are going to marry me."

The widow retreated to a vine-covered corner, and the bachelor followed. He caught her in his arms, and she yielded herself after much protest. "I have broken down your foolish theory of second marriage," he said triumphantly.

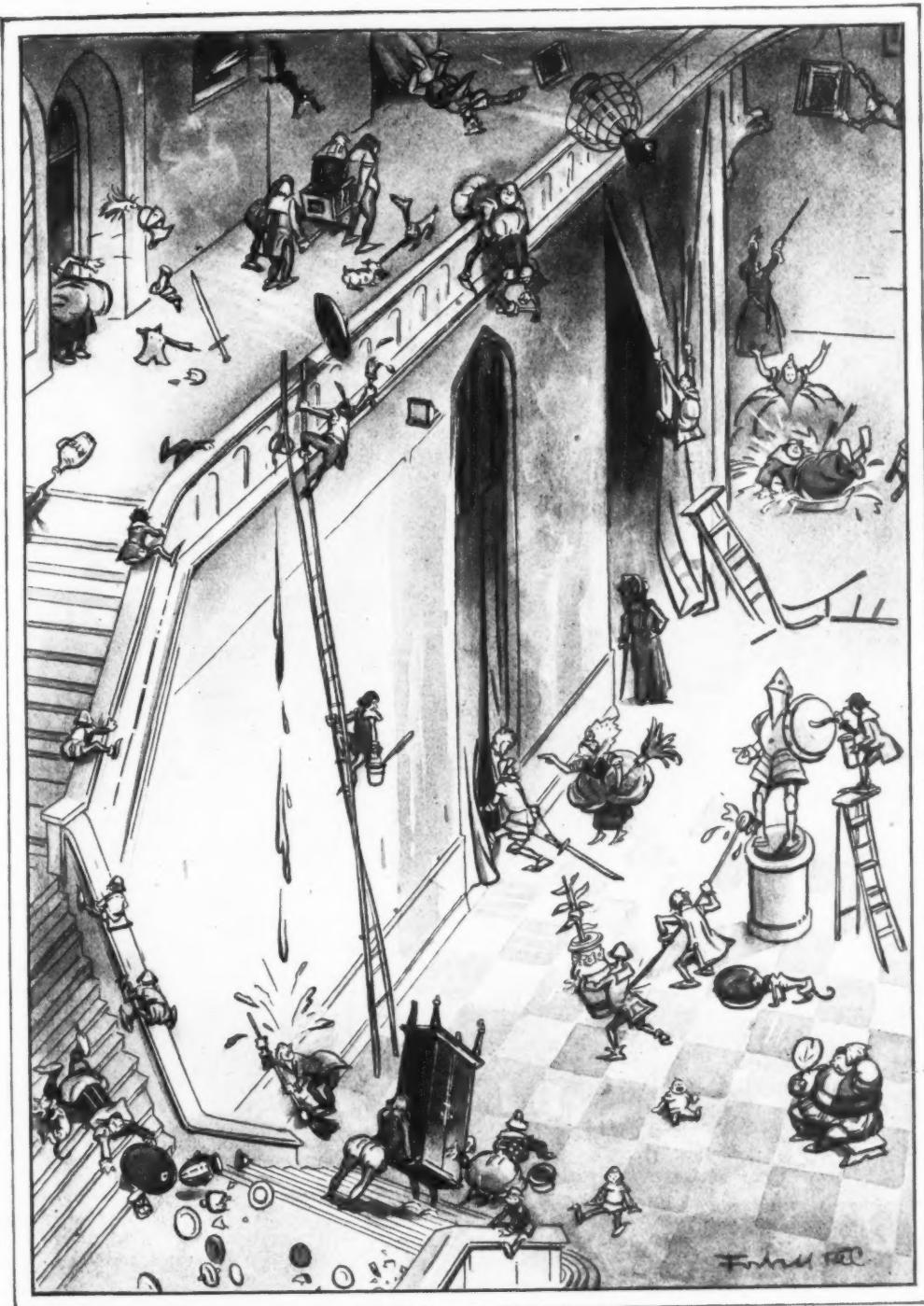
An hour later all the women guests at the big hotel knew that the desirable man had been trapped, but the men thought he had bagged big game when he caught the woman who let them all know that she would never marry again.

Outside in the fragrant darkness the bachelor smiled as he looked into the widow's eyes. "I wonder what the wise ones would say if they knew we were engaged ten years ago."

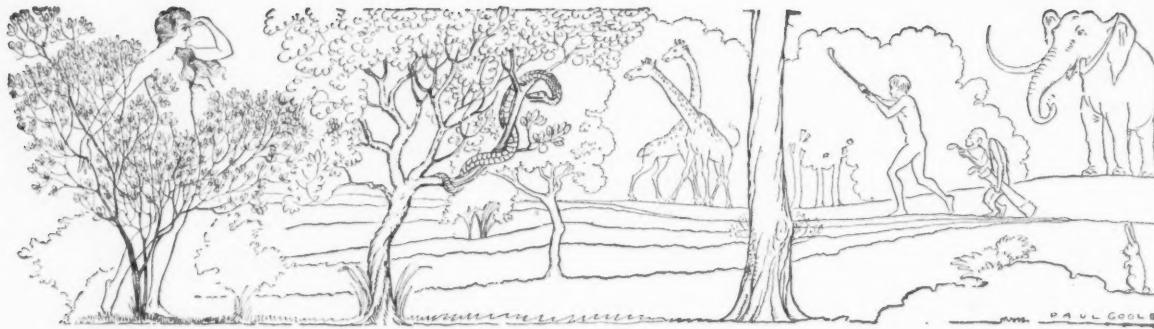
Evangeline Weir.

MADGE: What makes you think she's such an imaginative girl?

MARJORIE: Look at the bathing dress she wears. She imagines it's there.



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYS
YE SPRYNGE CLEANYNGE



THE ORIGINAL GOLF WIDOW

Where You Passed

ALONG the forest path we took
I walk alone to-day
Between white drifts of loveliness,
New-flowered by the way.
Lightly did we meet, my dear,
And smiling did we part—
But where you passed there is a trail
Of blossoms in my heart.

Amelia Josephine Burr.

A Fantasy in A-Flat

THE Man from the North entered the apartments of his chief civilian adviser with his slow, sweet, melancholy and ineffably dignified smile. Having assured himself that they were alone, he placed his mocha gloves carefully in his silk hat, removed his frock coat and hung it over the back of a chair, loosened his suspenders, pulled up his trousers to make sure they wouldn't bag at the knees, and seated himself on a stiff chair.

"Edward," said he, permitting his face to fall into the lines which made him look like a perpetual eater of unripe persimmons, "Edward, I wish to be the General Manager of the World. There are *so* many things, Edward, that do not agree with my ideas that I feel I should enlarge my sphere of influence. Nothing should occur anywhere, Edward, without having my Oh Keh on it. Whenever Iceland wants to make a treaty dealing with her rights to sell ice, or whenever Tierra del Fuego wants to get out a bond issue for the purpose of improving the breed of guanacos, or anything of that nature, Edward, I must and shall be consulted; for it is highly probable that they won't know what they're doing, and it is quite imperative that I should set them right be-

fore they go too far astray. At any rate, Edward, I want to be the General Manager of the World."

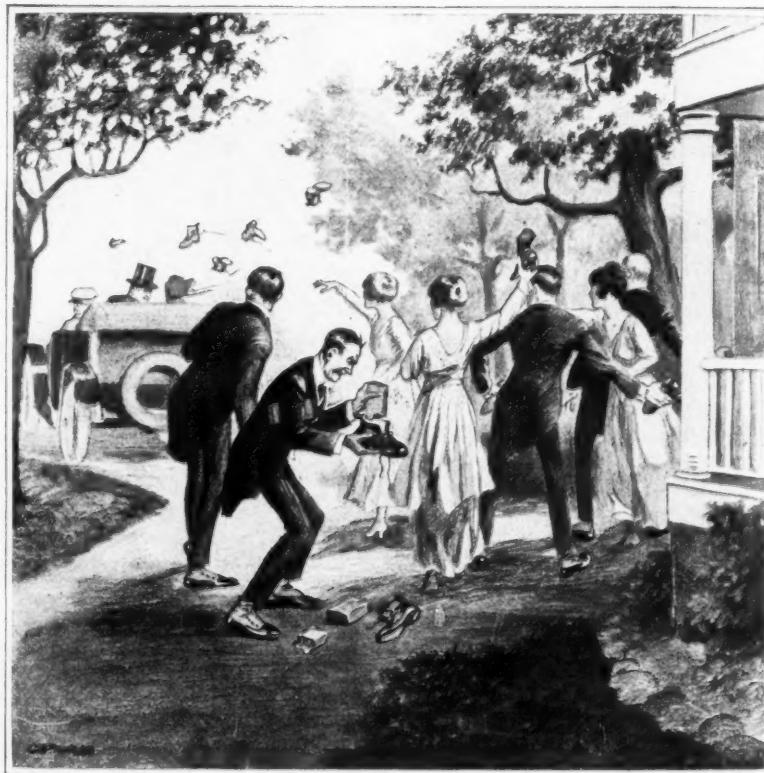
"Ah," purred the chief civilian adviser in the fluent manner which has so endeared him to men who want to talk always and listen never.

"Now, Edward," continued the Man from the North, "what do you think I should do in order to be General Manager of the World? Do you think I should consult somebody?"

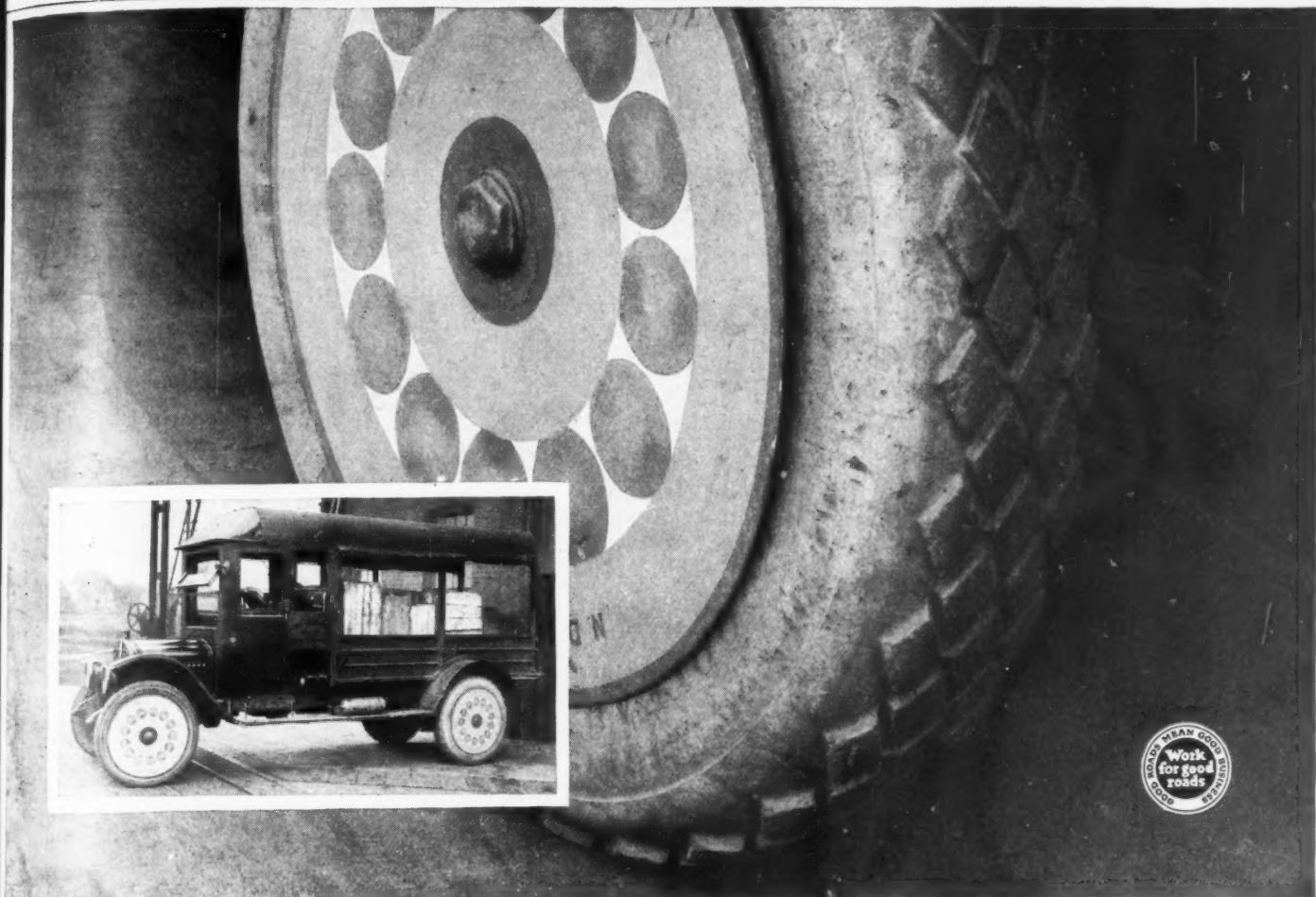
"Certainly," said the civilian adviser. "What you want to do is to get the opinions and ideas of the biggest and best general managers of the world. Get 'em from the Standard Oil Company and the United States Steel Company and the Southern Pacific and the Pennsylvania and such places as that."

The Man from the North shook his head decisively. "No, Edward," said

(Continued on page 1059)



PUZZLE PICTURE
THE GROOM'S RIVAL WAS INVITED TO THE WEDDING. FIND HIM.



We use Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires and regard this as a correct type of tire for many trucking conditions. Its cushioning minimizes vibration and jarring, means a better satisfied and efficient driver, means least repairing, slowest depreciation and real safety for loads. While increasing radius of truck action the toughness of the Goodyear Cord is well demonstrated in our service." Chas. M. Gearing, Division Manager, The New Departure Manufacturing Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

Among the first users of Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires was The New Departure Manufacturing Company, Hartford, Conn., makers of automotive bearings.

For a long period now a motor truck on these tires has effected prompt transfers of materials, often fragile, between the Hartford and Bristol plants of this concern.

Although one-half of the 18-mile route is rough and hilly, the company's engineers state that no damage to loads has ever occurred and that truck repairs have been a decidedly small item.

They also report that the cushioning and traction of the Goodyear Cords have enabled this truck to average 50 miles daily all year despite conditions such as stall or tie up solid-tired trucks—chuck holes, bad grades and heavy snows.

Hard service has not prevented the rugged pneumatics from averaging 10,000 to 12,000 miles and doing so consistently.

This whole record, however, is by no means unusual when compared with the many other instances in which Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires have fulfilled similar hauling requirements.

GOOD  **YEAR**
AKRON



An Ulterior Motive

"I wish I had been able to go into the army," said Mr. Cumrox.

"A noble anointment."

"Not exactly. It's mostly selfish. If I were a soldier maybe mother and the girls would collect funds to buy tobacco for me instead of ordering me out of the house every time I light a cigar."

—*Washington Star*.

Glad Tidings

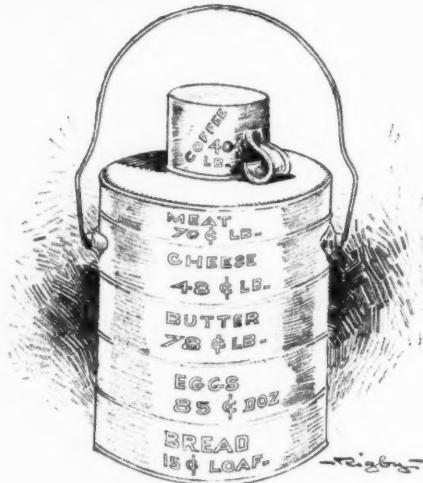
MRS. HENPECK: If you marry Dick you need never expect me to come to see you.

DAUGHTER: Just say that into the gramophone, won't you, please?

MRS. HENPECK: What for?

DAUGHTER: I want to give the record to Dick as a wedding present.—*Tit-Bits*.

WHAT profiteer so far has questioned the stability of the consumer's pocket-book?—*Wall Street Journal*.



"THE FULL DINNER PAIL"

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year; in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

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No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of elicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office ten days prior to the issue to be affected.

Noblesse Oblige

"The French, ever since Foch's victory, are almost in danger of becoming swell-headed," said Immigration Commissioner Caminetti of New York. "And no wonder. The French surely showed great courage and genius in this war, and praise and compliments have been showered upon them from all sides. Not long ago in a French restaurant I ordered a steak. The waiter took the order, and just as he was about to go I cried, as an after-thought, 'Well done, waiter.' The young man, flushing with pleasure, drew himself up and saluted smartly, 'But you Americans, monsieur,' he said, 'you Americans also covered yourselves with glory at Château-Thierry and Bois de Belleau.'"—*Argonaut*.

A MIDDLE-AGED man was examining the phonograph-record catalogue in a Kansas City store recently.

"Why is this opery called 'Samson et Dalila'?" he asked. "As I recollect the story, Dalila darn near et Samson."

—*Reedy's Mirror*.

THE average statesman seems to regard himself as the advance agent of the inevitable.—*Kansas City Star*.

GIRARD

Never gets on your nerves

*The proof is in
the puffing*

Antonio Roig and
Langsdorf, makers
Philadelphia

Broker size
13¢
2 for 25¢
Other sizes
10¢ and up

A NIP OF
White Rock
GINGER ALE
10¢



THE NEW

Studebaker
 BIG-SIX

THIS illustration of the New Studebaker BIG-SIX is an actual photographic reproduction. The brush of the artist could add nothing to its inspiring beauty and distinctive appearance. A car as impressive in every line, as harmonious in symmetry and contour, requires no elaborate description. Its beauty speaks for itself.

It is as capable as it is beautiful. Your first ride in a BIG-SIX will prove its uncommon ability to perform.

Brief Specifications

60-horsepower Motor
 126-inch Wheelbase
 Perfectly-balanced Chassis
 Intermediate Transmission
 Semi-floating Rear Axle
 Ample Room for Seven People
 Genuine Leather Upholstery

Gypsy Top, with Plate Glass Windows
 Silver-faced Magnetic Speedometer,
 Ammeter, and Jeweled 8-day
 Clock
 Extension Light and Glove Box in
 Tonneau.

—*the only car at its price
 equipped with cord tires.*

\$1985 f. o. b. Detroit



Why He Weakened

"What's the matter with Flossie to-night?" somebody asked Tessie Tabasco in the dressing-room, indicating one of the girls who was showing unmistakable signs of temper.

"Her 'boy' promised to take her out to dinner to-night, and then didn't turn up."

"How was that?"

"According to what she said, his favorite grandchild is very ill."

—*Jack Canuck.*

His Argument

"Hey, wotcher doing? Stealing a ride?"

"Ain't the railroads being run by the government?" demanded the tramp.

"Yes."

"Then stealing a ride is merely a political crime, and political crimes don't go in this kentry."

—*Kansas City Journal.*

It must be maddening to be a great diplomatist, and work for years and years to prevent some terrible crisis, only to have it come in spite of everything you can do and then not amount to anything much when it arrives.

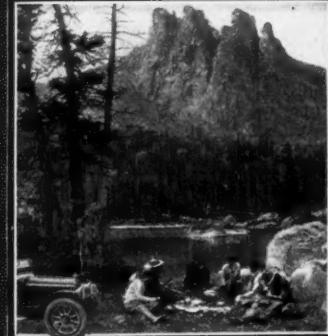
—*Kansas City Star.*

IRISH-AMERICAN delegates have not lost faith in the hyphen.

—*Wall Street Journal.*

DENVER THE GATEWAY

TO 12 NATIONAL PARKS
AND 32 NATIONAL MONUMENTS



Bridal Breakfast in Colorado Scenery Land

These natural historic and scenic wonderlands are owned and maintained by the United States as the Nation's free vacationland for rest and recreation.

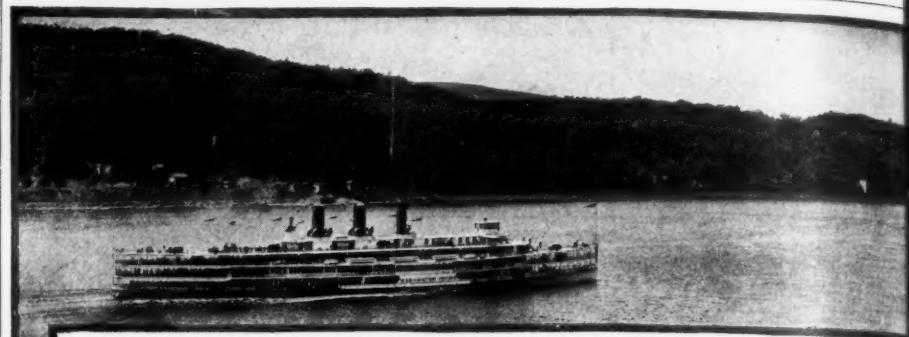
ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK (Estes) and **DENVER'S NEW MOUNTAIN PARKS** are the most beautiful and unique scenic auto trips in the world. Enjoy camping, fishing, mountain climbing, motoring and outdoor sports in Colorado.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLETS

tell where to go, what to see and what it costs to vacation in the Colorado Rockies. Low railroad rates.

THE DENVER TOURIST BUREAU

530 17th Street, Denver, Colo.



Hudson River by Daylight

Ideal Route to Vacation Resorts

Your enjoyment of this wonderful trip between New York and Albany is heightened by the cool, roomy decks and luxurious surroundings of the most palatial river steamers in the world.

Direct rail connections to the Catskills,

Express Steamers "Washington Irving," "Hendrick Hudson," "Robert Fulton" and "Albany"

Daily
including Sunday

Hudson River Day Line

Deshusses St. Pier
New York

Berkshires, Adirondacks, Saratoga, Lake George, etc. All through rail tickets between New York and Albany accepted. Attractive one day outings New York to Bear Mountain, West Point, Newburgh and Poughkeepsie.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"If you must kiss a baby," says a medical writer, "the back of the neck is the safest place." We always thought that was what you lifted them up by.

—*London Opinion.*

"DOES Cholly live on the avenue?"

"No. Cholly lives on his father, who lives on the avenue."

—*Boston Transcript.*

**A beverage
that appeals
to those who
prefer the
substance to
the shadow
and want a
drink that
will satisfy
and delight their senses**

All Good Dealers Supplied

C. H. EVANS & SONS Estab. 1796 HUDSON



A BOLSHEVIK COURTSHIP

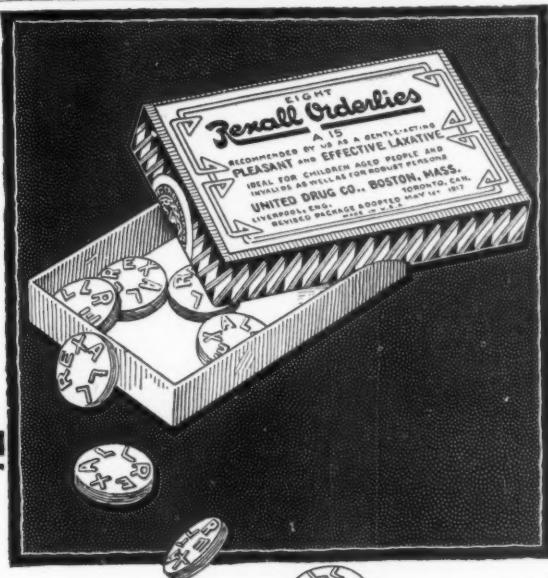


Hotel Champlain
Bluff Point-on-Lake Champlain, N.Y.

THE summer rendezvous of people of culture and refinement, magnificently placed on the highest point of Lake Champlain. Tennis, 18-hole golf course, boating, fishing, historic motor trips, every pleasure and convenience you could possibly desire in a summer home. American Plan. Management Mr. J. P. Graves, of Florida East Coast Hotels. Booklet on request. New York Booking Office, 243 Fifth Avenue.

Open for season of 1919 June 25
HOTEL CHAMPLAIN, Bluff Point-on-Lake Champlain

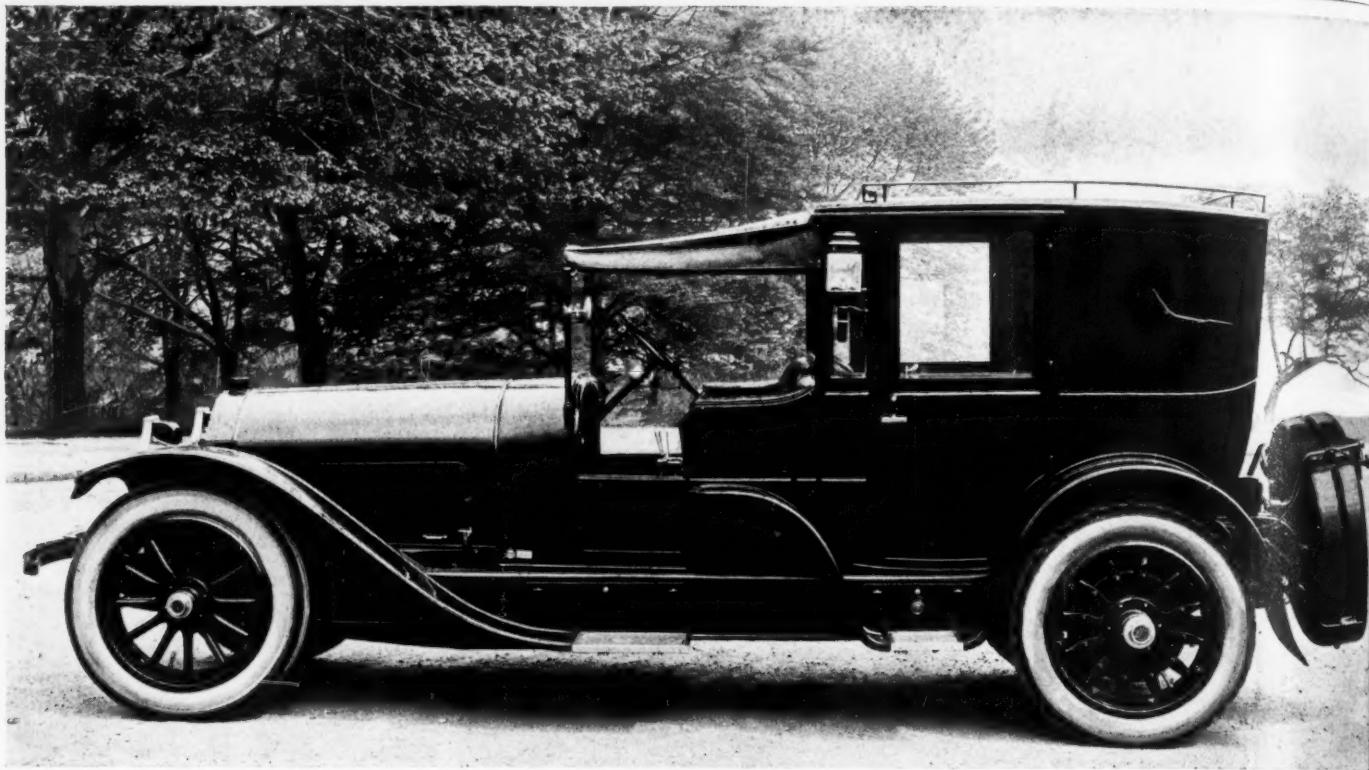
They
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They work
naturally
and form
no habit

They work
naturally
and form
no habit

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At The
8000
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Stores Only



SPECIAL GROWLER COUPE
A type adapted from the old London Four Wheeler

Custom Department, The Locomobile Company of America, Bridgeport, Conn.

Hiring an Employer

SCENE—Anywhere.

TIME—Every day.

PROSPECTIVE SERVANT (*graciously*): Sit down.

PROSPECTIVE EMPLOYER (*timidly*): Thank you. (*Sits on edge of chair. Pause.*)

P. S.: You are looking for a position as employer?

P. E.: Yes.

P. S.: Have you any recommendations?

P. E.: A few.

P. S.: Let me see them. (*Takes recommendations and reads them with a dubious expression.*) Hump! Here's one lady cook says you complained because she used thirty-seven pounds of butter in a week. However, I'd like to ask you a few questions. How old are you?

P. E.: Fifty-two.

P. S.: That's bad. I like young, cheerful people around me. Are you married?

P. E.: Yes.

P. S.: Does your husband live at home?

P. E.: Part of the time.

P. S.: Well, he'll have to live at the club. Any children?

P. E.: Two—a boy and a girl.

P. S.: You'll have to board the boy

outside. The girl can do my hair in the morning. How many nights out a week do you want?

P. E.: I should like Mondays and Thursdays, if not inconvenient. Monday we go to the theatre, and Thursday day —

P. S.: Monday is all right, but Thursday happens to be my night at the opera. How many lady helpers do you keep?



THE SHOCK

P. E. (*apologetically*): Only seven. But (*quickly*) you'll have one auto entirely at your disposal, you know.

P. S. (*dryly*): Naturally. How many rooms did you say your apartment had?

P. E.: Seventeen, and four baths.

P. S.: Well, you and your husband can have the smallest bath. We shall have to manage to get along with the other three, I suppose.

P. E. (*eagerly*): Then I may count on your coming?

P. S.: Not so fast! What were you expecting to pay for all that you're demanding?

P. E.: Oh—anything you think reasonable.

P. S.: We'll say three hundred a month, then, till I see how you suit me. That is, if I decide to come. (*Rising.*) Just leave your name and address with my secretary, and I'll have her notify you. (*Rings bell.*) Good day. (*Enter attendant.*) Show the next woman in, and dismiss the others. I can't see any more employers to-day. The auto's ordered at eleven. (*Looks at wrist-watch and yawns.* Prospective Employer off defectedly.) Goodness! What a bore to have to associate with one's inferiors in this way!

William Wallace Whitelock.

Rhymed Reviews

The Desert of Wheat

(By Zane Grey. Harper & Bros.)

KURT DORN, a German farmer's son, Whose faith and loyalty were stainless, Was raising wheat in Washington On uplands dry and nearly rainless.

But where his fruitful acres rolled, A Movement massed its evil forces (its chiefs were bribed with German gold) To spoil the Nation's food resources.

They burned the wheat! Yet Kurt, despite The plots of fiendish agitators And cudgels, guns and dynamite, Repelled the mob of tramps and traitors.

While Vigilantes, stern of soul, The fester, Treason, purged with cauter, He punched the head of him who stole The fair Lenore, his landlord's daughter.

Then, though beloved by sweet Lenore, One sight of whom sufficed to win him, He simply had to go to war To spill what German blood was in him.

In France they called him "Demon Dorn." (His views on War were much like Sherman's.)

He lost an arm one crimson morn While bayonetting squads of Germans.

And home they sent him, full of lead, To die—but Love defied the surgeons, And Kurt and sweet Lenore are wed Where *Triticum sativum* burgeons.

For Kurt—though likely, now and then, In overwrought imagination, To bayonet his Huns again— Is raising wheat to feed Creation!

Arthur Guiterman.



Doughboy: YES, THEY CALLED ME SLATS, BONES AND SKINNY IN MY REGIMENT. BUT I DID MY BIT. I MADE MANY A HUN SNIPER WASTE A BUNCH OF AMMUNITION TRYING TO GET ME.

If You Brush Teeth Brush Them Well

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



Don't Leave the Film

Millions of people who brush teeth daily leave a tooth-destroying film. They find in time that teeth discolor and decay. Tar-
tar forms on them, perhaps pyorrhea starts. And they wonder why.

The reason lies in a film—a slimy, clinging film. You can feel it with your tongue. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays. There the tooth brush can't remove it, and the ordinary dentifrice cannot dissolve it.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Dentists call it "bacterial plaque," be-
cause millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to that film.

Dental science has for years sought a way to end that film. The tooth brush had proved inadequate. Tooth troubles constantly increased. And the reason clearly lay in that film.

A new discovery has now solved this greatest of tooth problems. That film can now be efficiently combated. Able authori-
ties have proved the facts by scientific tests. Leading dentists all over America are now urging its adoption.

Now this method is embodied in a denti-
fice called Pepsodent. And to let all peo-
ple prove it quickly we are offering a free
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See the Difference

Ask us for this trial tube, then see for yourself the difference between old methods and the new. It will be a revelation.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

Pepsin alone is inert. It must be activated, and the usual method is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed barred. But now a harm-
less activating method has been found. Five govern-
ments have already granted patents. It is that method, used in Pepsodent, which opens up this new teeth cleaning era.

Dentists and scientists are now using Pepsodent—many thousands of them. At least a million careful people have adopted it already. It is time that you knew what it means to you and what it means to yours.

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GRAMERCY: You promised to cut down on your expensive finery, but your bills are worse than ever.

MRS. GRAMERCY: Be reasonable, my dear. No woman could ever stop wearing things when they put a luxury tax on them.

THE Reds are getting blue.

Romance

THE sweet spring woods—a clouded moon—and youth, And the eternal truth Of all the sweet, sad throbbing songs of old, Of all the tales the troubadours have told. This boy with proud bent head, this grave shy girl Whose rapt face takes the moonlight like a pearl, Are not themselves alone. How many feet in theirs this path has known! This is the garden of old Capulet, The tryst of Aucassin and Nicolette. Those wide mysterious eyes Drew Dante's wandering soul to Paradise, Mirrored the hungry flames of burning Troy, And made the years of servitude a joy For Rachel's shepherd. By the tawny Nile Antony sold the world for that swift smile. On that strong breast Francesca fearless died. So shone the Swan-Knight to his rescued bride. They pass into the dusk—so met and clung Those lips in Eden when the world was young.

Amelia Josephine Burr.

TO DOCTORS EVERYWHERE: On June 24th the Medical Number of LIFE will be issued. This number will be different from anything in the medical line ever published before. Take one before Wednesday, June 25th.

Do You Like Green Corn and Chicken?

ANYBODY can fry chicken, cream potatoes and bake a cherry pie; but only a select few know how to add that last bit of seasoning which spells perfection. Most of these desirable places are described and recommended in

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THE SUBSTITUTE!
WHY NOT?

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The Motrola



The Boresome Autobiography

WE do not growl and voice a howl. Because a man grows famous. But speak we must. Our ire is just, And surely none will blame us. He gains the top, yet will not stop, For, lest we think he's *not* there, In magazines he struts and preens And tells us how he got there.

Terrell Love Holliday.

Shirts and Sand-Bags

THE customer was examining some four- or five-dollar shirts. He was doing quite a thorough job of it, and was unmindful of the tall, erect, weather-stained youth behind the counter.

An officer with a gold stripe on each sleeve passed nearby. The youth looked after him a moment. Then his gaze centered somewhere between the notion counter and the umbrella department.

His counter was no longer a thing of wood and glass! There were sandbags there—three or four deep, and there was muddy water trickling down the slippery wall. There was barbed wire a few feet ahead, and strange, silent, huddled forms punctuating its zig-zag length. A star shell—

Twenty minutes till the zero hour. His thoughts were of mother, and girl, the little brother, the moonlight and—

A whistle—"Ready, lads—"

"I say, son, did you say this shirt was four or five dollars?"

Julian Lewis.



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OWNERS will tell you that Liberty charm of appearance typifies an inbuilt goodness quite as distinctive as the beauty of their cars.

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Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit



LIBERTY SIX

A Rejection Slip for Bolsheviks

THE United States Department of Naturalization regrets that it must deny the accompanying application for citizenship. In doing so, it means to shame the applicant for making it, and to express the fervent hope that far worthier candidates may hereafter be forthcoming from the western tide of immigration. The Department feels sure that all Bolsheviks will soon un-

derstand that where liberty has been so dearly bought and civilization is so fondly cherished, only those foreigners can be admitted to American citizenship who are peculiarly enthusiastic over democratic institutions.

WHO'S Who in America? Every one whose name appears on LIFE's lists as a regular annual subscriber.



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TROY TAILORED
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are made of selected fabrics in smart styles possessing exclusive features that assure easy laundering, good fit and long service. *Cluett Peabody & Co., Inc., Makers, Troy, N.Y.*

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finds it necessary to discriminate against citizens who live in the Western and South-Western States.

LIFE does not discriminate against its readers in those States.

In Spite of

the absurd Burleson zone law which, after July first, will largely increase the cost of delivering mail to the Western and South-Western States;

In Spite of

the largely increased cost of coated and super-calendered paper;

In Spite of

the great advance in the wages of union labor affecting compositors, pressmen, feeders and binders;

In Spite of

increased salaries, rent, and price of all materials,

Life

did not increase its prices during the war and has not increased them since the war. Unless something unforeseen occurs the price of LIFE will remain the same as before, and *uniform, regardless of zones.*

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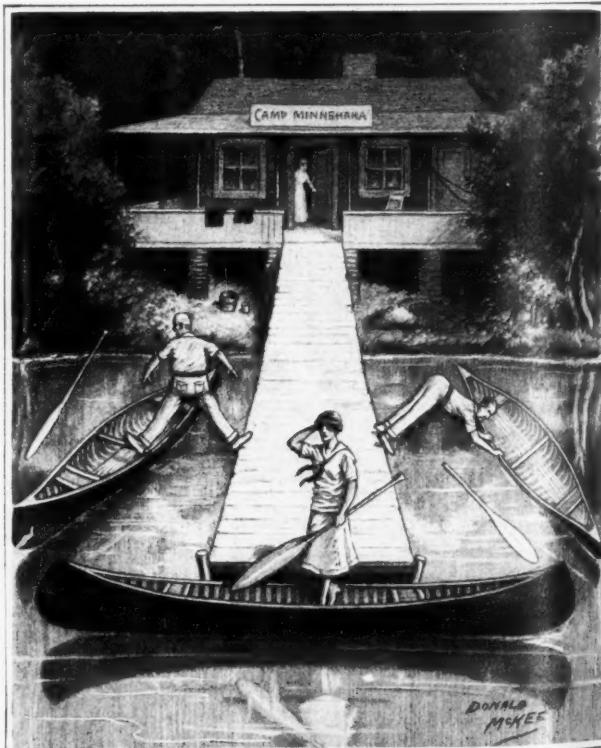


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OWN SUSPENDER CO., 834 Broadway, N. Y.

Get Behind the Times

MOST of the troubles in the world to-day can be traced to the evil of keeping up with the times. Woman suffrage, the war, Prohibition—none of these things would have come to pass if people and nations had not developed the bad habit of keeping up with the times. They are unknown in remote parts of the world where people and nations do not keep up with the times.

Keeping up with the times was never meant for the many, but for the few. For the many, the best advice still is to get behind the times and stay there. If you keep up with the times you will be busy all your days, whereas if you get behind the times you are free to run for Congress, or become an editor, and if you get far enough behind the times you are pretty nearly sure to land a seat in the Senate, and in the natural course of events, be nominated for President by the Republicans—that is, unless the Democrats get you first.

Obviously, then, instead of wearing yourself out trying to keep up with the times—as of course you are—the thing to do is to drop it and get behind the times for a change. It can't hurt you, and it may lead to a great career.

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Handwriting is characteristic of the individual doing it, and it varies just as widely as individual characters do.

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"IT'S a good thing Wilson visited Italy when he did."

"Yes. If he went there now, it would be almost as bad as getting back home."

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the reason being that he hadn't sense
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"BOY, WILL YOU TELL MR. SMITH THAT PROFESSOR KRYZSOPOFFSKI PRSTLEMOVITCH WOULD LIKE TO SEE HIM?"
 "I'LL TRY, MISTER."

A Fantasy in A-Flat

(Continued from page 1046)

he, "those men would know too much about their subject. They would try to impress their personality on me. They would try to do my general managing for me. And don't make any mistake, Edward: I don't intend to have anybody do my work for me. I'm going to be the whole thing. The whole thing, Edward."

"Quite so," replied the civilian adviser, "but unless you get your advice from the people who know most about general managing, how will you know what you need to know about it?"

"That's a silly question, Edward," said the Man from the North coldly. "I always ask advice from people who know very little about anything. My advisers are frequently quite blank mentally. I'm not knocking you, Edward, but you know what I mean. I get advice on Bolshevism from a Bolshevik; on the navy from the owner of a country newspaper; on the Philippines from the discredited, corrupt tool of Filipino politicians; on Post Office affairs from a farmer. Don't you know yet, Edward, that ignorant men always consider themselves better qualified to give advice than the experts? And we must take a man at his own valuation, Edward; we must know and weep over and accept the humble man, Edward. After all, isn't the fight of Labor against Capital the greatest thing in the world?"

Homelike—but still in the heart of things

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"Ah," purred the civilian adviser agreeably.

"May I not say, Edward," remarked the Man from the North, rising and readjusting his suspenders, "that you have helped me immensely? You are so sane and calm, Edward. I shall be General Manager of the World, Edward; but I shall be it in accordance with my own ideals. The specialists, Edward, can chase themselves."

"You'll probably get away with it," said the civilian adviser garrulously.

"Who can stop me?" asked the Man from the North frostily. "The Great can get away with anything, Edward; absolutely anything! I thought you knew that, Edward."

Fixing his slow, sweet, melancholy and ineffably dignified smile firmly in place, the Man from the North picked up his mocha gloves and went serenely away from the apartments of his chief civilian adviser.

Kenneth L. Roberts.



The Vacation for Outdoor Men and Women

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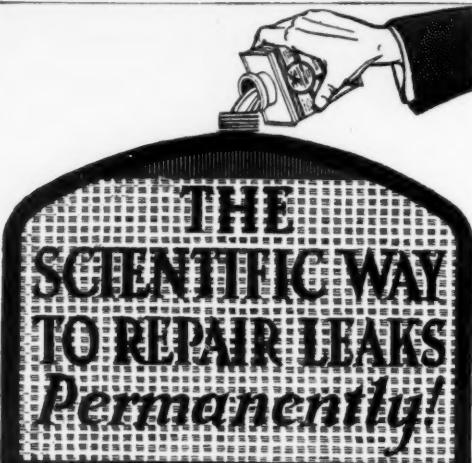
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LIFE'S Literary Bureau

THE extent of the new literary movement in this country—started by us—is not fully understood. It is only a short time hence when we shall practically control the entire literary output. We have succeeded in this by the liberal terms we offer to all new writers, by our broad sympathies and by our acquaintance with the needs of editors.

Up to the present time, the authors of this country—more numerous than any other class—are about the only large body of citizens not thoroughly organized.

It is only a question of a short time, however, before this condition will be remedied.

A joke writers' union has just been formed, under our supervision. Hereafter joke writers will work only eight hours a day, and will take Sunday off. The rates for jokes will be uniform. We urge all joke writers who have not yet come in to do so at once. After the first of the month no jokes will be accepted by any editor from writers not having a union card.

The American Association of Novelists is being organized, with headquarters in our office. The reforms in this field are evident. Our aim is:

1. To have whatsoever novel written, no matter by whom, promptly published.
2. All royalties in advance.

This reform will do away with the great force of readers now employed by every publisher, and the saving will enable them to publish every novel submitted, regardless of merit. It is a well-known fact that many of our best novels were rejected first by numbers of publishers. It is therefore estimated that among those rejected there must be an occasional one that will sell a hundred thousand copies or more, paying for all the others.

This means a great impetus to the publishing trade. It means steady employment to a large number of writers. It



Sea-Goin' Gob: SAY, CHIEF, WHAT'S THE IDEA O' THE SILVER CHEVRON ON THE RIGHT ARM?

Chief Yeoman: WOUND STRIPE! STUCK MY FINGER WITH A PEN POINT YESTERDAY!

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means new printing establishments. In fact, every industry will be affected.

We have already succeeded in getting a corner in poetry. No magazine can publish a line of it without consulting us, as we practically control the market.

We hope to announce also a combination of our leading essayists, a preliminary conference having already paved the way.

In the meantime our summer classes for amateurs are being formed, and we urge every writer to send in his or her name at the earliest possible moment. These classes will be announced from time to time. For those who are uninformed about our system, we present the following explanation:

Everybody who has a desire to write has, usually, a bent in some direction. By entering one of our various classes, specialists are turned out with remarkable ease. For example, our Henry James class is now rapidly filling up. If you feel an intense craving to write subtly, to express vague and vast areas of subliminal thought, and do it in the most artistic manner, you should join the Henry James class at once. We guarantee that in six months you can write in a style that only the most delicately constructed and highly complicated minds can understand.

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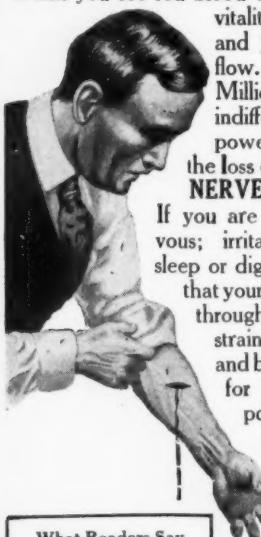
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Books Received

The Lucky Mill, by Ioan Slavici. (Duffield & Co.)

The Cup of Fury, by Rupert Hughes. (Harper & Brothers.)

The Day of Glory, by Dorothy Canfield. (Henry Holt & Co.)

A Gallant Lady, by Percy Brebner. (Duffield & Co.)

Types of Pan, by Keith Preston. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

Lad; A Dog, by Albert Payson Terhune. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Chimney-Pot Papers, by Charles S. Brooks. (Yale University Press.)

Three Tremendous Trifles, by Felton B. Elkins. (Duffield & Co.)

Cervantes, by Rudolph Schevill. (Duffield & Co.)

Fighting the Flying Circus, by Capt. Edward V. Rickenbacker. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

The Battles of the Nations, by Frederick Arnold Kummer. (The Century Company.)

The Twentieth Plane, by Albert Duran Watson. (Geo. W. Jacobs & Co.)

They Who Understand, by Lilian Whiting. (Little, Brown & Co.)

The Silent Mill, by Hermann Sudermann. (Brentano's.)

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